

APPENDIX I

The following is a story written (or, more accurately typed on his own typewriter) by Tommy two years after he left the Malting House School, viz. at the age of seven and a half.

Chapter i MY DOG AND MY LIFE

Once upon a time there was a man his name was Mr Watson
he left home on a tuesday nirkht to go to a freind that lived at
Huntingdon and his friend had gon to Kedington for the day
Mr. Watson had brought his dog with him and as nobody
opend the door he made his dog bark, sudenly he herd a
vvoice cry out the've gon to Kedington for the day
were are you
here of caouse you little fool
weres here
at kedington
oh Isee
it was a wireles

so I caute the bus to Kedington and it cost gd and the bus
konduktor got verry cross and seid hay you dogs are not
ulloud on our busses
oh well mines coming on
when I got there i found my freind waiting for me. I seid
hullo ? and then Kissed her.
but she did not kiss me. she took out a pistle and killed me.
she was not seen.

Chapter aMrWatson was berrid
When the konduktor of the bus saw me lying ded he went to
the poleis. The poleis seid well i-11 fech the gardenners to
berry him.
so the gardenners came and heeps of people cairie to the funeral
and he was berrid
his freind was found out by a datective.
But his wife wonderd why he did not come home.
when she saw a funerul letter saing her husband was killed by
his sweethart at kedington.
Mrs. watson went to see her husbands sweet-hart hung.
when Mrs. Watson went to see her husbands sweethart hung
she got killed to
then they thought of the nastyist way in wich they could kill
her and it was ti starve her in prison.

